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Which now appears in ev'ry new report
Of every ship from every Spanish port?

"Lord, Sir! tis plain as light"—your imps will say,
When Britons fought,—the Spaniards ran away;
And if the truth was known, so do they still.
But * * * * no truth will tell.

Infants of Koster, can you now declare
The likely issue of this Spanish war?

"The issue of this war"—the elfs will say—
"We are not prophets, sir—mere sylphs—mere
slaves,

Performing always what our interest craves,
And as seems meet—we either fight or pray;
But on this axiom all our skill we cast—
Still judge of future events by the past."

Well now, of *Sweden* will you deign to speak?

Or take of its mad king a solemn view,
One hundred thousand pounds a month at stake,

And where's the good that's likely to ensue?
Shade of *Adolphus*—*Fasa's* shade appear,

On your distracted country cast one look,
Oh may your voice and counsel still be near

The hope of *Sweden*, *Sudermania's* Duke.

And, mangle foreign gold—let warfare cease.

Say to each maddening faction—peace—peace—
peace!

Now I might call you idle, dirty vermin,
Short-sighted thieves, and scant of all discerning,

Who broach'd not even once, a thing so plain
As *Nap's* destruction—*Bonaparte's* ruin,
His empire overturn'd by—his misdoing,

Vent'ring with Austria to make this campaign.

Your thieves again will say, "Lord, sir, in war
Every rapscallion passes us by far;

Ours is the art of harmony and peace.

Now, for the love of God, deal justly by us,

And with a civil question fairly try us,
Suppose the orgies of *Gloucester-place*."

To them I thus reply, What signifies

The filthily jacobinic Cambrian lies,
Which did appear the Committee before,

'Twould make an honest, loyal Christian ****

To hear thus blazon'd forth a *Royal Duke*
As a co-partner with a common *****

By way of interlude, when things look bad,
And nought of consolation can be had;

When *Austrian bulletins* have run too long,
And coming near the dregs, taste sour and hard,
Give us to catch the eye and claim regard
Of *Catalani* the *accouchement*!

Now swell your lungs and make a noise,
And tell about St. Stephen's boys,

Or, rather tell about St. Stephen's hall,

And from the cases of your hidden store

Tip us a sample of historic lore,
Which will inform, and eke—astonish all.

Of William Rufus now most loudly sing.

That sober, self-will'd, chaste, domestic king,

When wishing to atone for some great crime
By him committed, built this solid fane

A few years after he began to reign,

In the year of—I cannot tell the time,
And stock'd it well with jolly monks and friars,
Ancisy, prating, babbling pack of liars.

And in this chapel, as sage *Hotwell*† tells,
Were (plac'd by Rufus) three enormous bells,
Which only rung on coronation days,
Triumphs, and funerals, as the legend says:
But when they rung, so awful was the sound,
It sour'd the drink for many miles around.

Alas! long since these bells have ceas'd to toll,
But in their stead (have mercy on his soul)
A human bell—I think I hear it yet,
Within this chapel rung—its name was *Pitt*,
And so tremendous was its triple roar,
It rais'd the price of drink, as well as made it sour.

Stop, stop, in God's name, sure we have enough
About St. Stephen's chapel, and such stuff.
Now quit your cases, and skip into form;
Put on a look sedate, demure, and grave,
And having done so, may I humbly crave
That you will tell us something of Reform.

Reform, and gravity—sure, sir, you jest,
Whate'er is best administer'd is best;

Have you not read so, and will you not grant
That *Percival* deserves great praise, so far
As asking no new taxes for the war.

If this don't please you, tell us what you want.

And then that gentle stripling Castlereagh,
Will it not please you when you hear him say,
That, " 'pon my honor, sir, I did intend
Against the constitution to offend.

Yet consummation not being in my power,
I'm innocent and pure as any flower."

Edentecullo, CALDERONE.
25th May, 1809.

(To be continued.)

† See *Londinopolis*, a book written by Howells.

SONNET TO THE RED-BREAST.

RED-BREAST, I love thy moralizing
song,

Pour'd at my window on my waken'd ear,
When hoary winter leads his blasts along,
And leafy tenants fill the inverted year.

Methinks thus speaks thy vocal minstrelsy,
Swift fly the Hareyan months on rapid
wing;

Mute all the harmonious songsters of the
sky,

The friend of man, lo! I am left to sing!

Gay summer's glare ill suits thy state and
mind;

Winter's grave livery virtue better loves,
The day is short, employ the early prime,
To mark the good the conscious mind ap-
proves.

So sweetly pass the golden hours along,
 "To meditation due, and sacred song." S.

ODE TO SPRING.

AT thy approach, O genial Spring,
 The birds a parting requiem sing
 To winter's gloomy reign,
 Thou com'st arrayed in vernal green,
 The graces and the loves are seen,
 Attendant in thy train.

Thy soothing influence spreads around,
 With cheerful songs the woods resound,
 Which echo through the grove ;
 The tuneful thrush with varying note,
 The blackbird strains its little throat,
 And sweetly sings his love.

Hark! 'tis the stock-dove's plaintive moan;
 The cuckoo with unchanging tone,
 The smiling season hail,
 The sparrow chirrup through the brake,
 And now we hear the constant creak
 Of yonder busy rail.

The snow-drop from its grassy bed,
 First-born of spring, uprears its head,
 In vest of purest white,
 The primrose next of sickly hue,
 The violet's ethereal blue,
 Attracts the wanderer's sight.

Thick scattered like a shower of hail,
 The daisy variegates the vale,
 O'er nature's carpet spread,
 The daffodil of bolder size,
 Does towering o'er the herbage rise,
 And proudly rears its head.

The garden now with fragrance blows,
 Though neither pink nor blushing rose,
 To grace the scene appears,
 The wall-flower sips the morning dew,
 The auricula of various hue
 A motley livery wears.

The attempt to paint each flower is vain,
 Which spring has scattered o'er the plain,
 And spread with liberal hand ;
 May heaven the year with plenty crown,
 And on the wings of peace send down,
 Protection to this land.

Thou god of seasons, thy controul
 Pervades, invigorates the whole,
 Thou dost thy blessings pour ;
 Thou sendest summer's vernal bloom,
 Presidest o'er the wintry gloom
 And autumn's yellow store. LYDIA.

THE FATHER TO HIS BABE.

WELCOME, welcome, beauteous babe!
 O thrice welcome to my sight!
 Pleas'd I greet thy opening eyes,
 Like thy mother's, azure bright.

Lovely infant, angel mild,
 Pledge of purest, fondest flame,
 BELFAST MAG. NO. X

Little sweet! I'll honour thee,
 With our worthy parent's name.
 Cherub, Helen!—on that breast,
 Glad I see thee soft recline,
 O was mortal e'er so blest!
 O! what happiness is mine!

ELIZABETH.

THE RISING SUN.

YOU view the rising sun,
 Shedding round his glowing light ;
 Already has his course begun,
 But soon! ah soon! 'twill sink in night.

Fair Aurora cheers the skies,
 In her robe of saffron drest,
 Each fleeting cloud before her flies,
 Each warbling songster leaves its nest.

Sweetly they salute the morn,
 While they carol on each spray ;
 The white buds blossom on the thorn,
 And Grief* rolls silently away.

The violet does its sweets disclose,
 The primrose blooms in modest shade ;
 Why withers now the lovely rose,
 That late its painted bloom display'd ?

So, short lived beauty, dost thou fly,
 And leav'st each maiden to her fate,
 Thy transient roses fade and die,
 But steadier virtue keeps her seat,
 FLORELLA.

* A small river in the county of Kildare.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE FOLLOWING ELEGANT POETICAL ARTICLE FROM THE PEN OF W. ROSCOE, HAS LATELY APPEARED IN THE ATHENÆUM : WE VENTURE TO GIVE IT AS A TREAT TO OUR READERS.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE " BUTTERFLY'S BALL."

THE shades of night were scarcely fled ;
 The air was mild, the winds were still ;
 And slow the slanting sun-beams spread,
 O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
 Had dropt a short but balmy shower,
 That hung like gems of morning dew,
 On every tree and every flower.

And from the blackbird's mellow throat,
 Was poured so loud and long a swell,
 As echoed with responsive note,
 From mountain's side and shadowy dell.

When bursting forth to life and light,
 The offspring of enraptured May,
 The BUTTERFLY on pinions bright,
 Launch'd in full splendor on the day,
 Aaa